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EXCHANGE HOTEL.

By John Lutz. Directly opposite the Passenger
Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

The Pioneer.

BY BRIMARD.

Far away from the hillside, the lake, and the ham-
let,
The rock, and the brook, and young meadow so
gay,
From the footpath that winds by the side of the
streamlet,
From his hut, and the grave of his friend far away,
He has gone where the footsteps of man never
ventured,
Where the glooms of the wild tangled forests are
centered,
Where no beam of the sun or the sweet moon has
entered,
No bloodhound has roused up the deer with his
bay.

He has left the green valley for paths where the
bison
Roams through the prairies, or leaps o'er the flood,
Where the snake in the swamp sucks the deadliest
poison,
And the cat of the mountain keeps watch for its
food.

But the leaf shall be greener, the sky shall be
purer,
The eye shall be clearer, the life be surer,
And stronger the arm of the fearless endurer,
Who trusts naught but Heaven, in his way
through the wood.

Light be the heart of the poor lonely wanderer;
Firm be his step through each wearisome mile;
Far from the cruel man, far from the plunderer,
Far from the track of the mean and the vile,
And when death with the last of its terrors assails
him,
And all but the last throb of memory fails him,
He'll think of the friend far away that bewails him,
And light up the cold couch of death with a
smile.

And there shall the dew shed its sweetness and
lustre,
There for his pall shall the oak leaves be spread;
The sweet briar shall bloom, and the wild grape
shall cluster,
And o'er him the leaves of the ivy be shed;
There shall they mix with the fern and the heather;
There shall the young eagle shed its first feather;
The wolf and his wild cubs shall lie there together,
And mean o'er the spot where the hunter is laid.

The Youthful Voyagers. A Thrilling Story.

"Come Annie, come Jennie—sisters
come on board my ship and we'll have
a jolly sail this afternoon. I'll be a
Sea Captain like my father, and show
you how he sails that great Packet
Ship across the Ocean. Come, girls,
get in—Annie, you shall be my mate,
and little Jennie shall be our cook and
steward."

The speaker was a handsome, fair
haired, rosy-cheeked boy, with bright,
laughing blue eyes, about ten years
old, who during his address was busily
engaged in rigging the mast and sail
to a ship launch which was made fast
to the beach in one of those secluded,
picturesque little coves or inlets with
which the south shore of Long Island,
between Faulkner Island and Rock-
away, is so plentifully indented.

The boy's companions were two little
girls of six and eight years, beautiful
as angels, and so exactly like their
brother in every feature, that they
seemed as perfect copies—all but the
sunny ringlets—of his exquisite face.

Annie, the elder girl, bounded light-
ly into the boat at her brother's first
invitation, and began assisting him
about the sail. But little Jennie, who
was tugging along a great basket filled
with pies sweet cakes and fruits, which
they had brought from a little cottage
not far off, for a little picnic dinner,
hesitated in silence, till her brother
urged her again to get into the boat,
when she began to argue with him
thus:

"Oh, Willie, don't let us get into the
boat, Willie! there is so much wind,
and we might be—"

"You are a little coward, Jennie, to
be afraid," interrupted the young cap-
tain immediately. "It is the pleasant-
est day we have had for a month, and
it is so late in the Fall, that if we don't
go to-day I am sure we will not get
another chance this year. Come, don't
be frightened—jump in."

"O, I am not at all afraid brother—"
and child as she was, little Jennie's
cheek glowed for a few moments with
a deeper tinge of vermilion at the im-
plied question of courage by her brother.

"I'm not the least afraid, Willie, but
you know mother has often told us we
must not go in the boat when it blows
hard, and all I am afraid of is disobey-
ing her."

"Then you may come in the boat
without fear, sister, for mother told me
that we might sail this afternoon not
more than an hour before we left the
house."

"Yes, I know that, Willie, but that
was two hours ago, when it was calm.
It is blowing a great deal harder now,
and I'm sure mother would not like to
have us go away from the shore in the
boat when there is such a high wind."

"Oh, nonsense, Jennie, I have been
all around the cove when it blew a
great deal harder than this. Mother,
you know, says I am the best sailor
along the coast, and just as well able
to judge when to go on a cruise as she
is. Come, sister, we can't be drowned
for the water is so shallow at ebb tide,
and with this west wind, we could
wade anywhere about the cove."

Thus persuaded, Jennie passed her
basket to her brother, and then clam-
bering into the boat herself, she took
her seat beside Annie in the stern
sheets, and soon the launch was under
way.

She was a great, heavy clumsy boat,
—as all of her class usually are, with a
single lug sail of heavy canvas, alto-
gether ill-calculated for a pleasure
craft.

But little Willie Walton managed
with consummate skill for so young a
commander, and they had made a
number of stretches across the cove,

when as they were passing the inlet
which opened out seaward, Annie's
eyes rested on the bright, blue waters
of the Atlantic, far out beyond the dis-
colored water along the coast, and
clapping her hands with a sudden ec-
stasy of infantile joy, exclaimed:

"Oh, Willie! let us go out there,
and sail on the beautiful, blue ocean!
Won't it be grand? So much prettier
than this dirty little cove, with the
bare sand banks about us."

Willie sprang to his feet, and gaz-
ing to the offing, his bright eyes lit up
with enthusiasm from his sister's words
and he replied:

"We'll go out there and have a glo-
rious sail—just like the great ships
and steamboats that we see go by."

"Don't go, Willie, mother will be
angry with us."

"Mother will be no such thing, Jen-
nie. She will be proud of us to think
that we have been out on the ocean
all alone. I can easily come back with
the flood tide which will soon set in."

And without further argument, the
reckless boy put his helm up, eased off
the sheet, and away out through the
inlet, towards the line of blue water
outside, went the launch, hurried along
before the strong breeze which added
strength to the last quarter ebb, and
bore her away at a speed that sunk the
yellow ridge to a mere line along the
margin of the wide ocean, and the
white cottages on the shore, and the
Venetian blinds into toy houses dotted
with green specks. The colored water
—which appeared from the cove only a
narrow strip dividing the white from
the deep azure of the ocean beyond,
expanded into a broad belt of several
miles in breadth. But with the fine
breeze, and strong outset of the tide,
the boat sped on; while the novelty of
their position, and the natural excite-
ment induced by it, caused the time
and speed to fly by unheeded by the
young voyagers, and a sudden dread
came over them as having gained the
blue water, they looked back towards
the shore and saw hills, fields and or-
chards blending and growing indistin-
ct, and fading in the distance. There
was a sense of lonely, utter helplessness,
shadowing their bright vision; and
there was a world of pathos in little
Jennie's sweet, low voice as she laid
her hand on her brother's arm, and
looking up in his eyes whispered:

"O, Willie, let us go home. Mother
would feel very bad if she knew we
were out here."

Willie bent down and kissed his sister's
pale cheek, as he replied:

"We will go back home, Jenny; I
was naughty to come off so far from
land. But don't worry sister; I am sorry.
Don't blame me; I couldn't help it. I
love the sea too much."

"No, we won't blame you, Willie;
only let us hurry back, a black cloud
is coming up in the distant west, and I
am afraid if we do not—"

The child's speech was arrested by
a groan of anguish from her brother,
whose eyes for the first time had been
directed towards a bank of dark murky
clouds heaving up in the western hori-
zon by his sister's remark, and at the
very instant that the vision first rested
upon the black pall, a chain of brilliant
zigzag lightning rose quivering along its
upper edge, and a few moments later
there came to their ears a low muttered
roar of angry thunder.

The young captain had landed his
little vessel by the wind, but the cumu-
lous lay broadside under the ill-fitted
sail. Besides, the wind which he had
scarcely felt while running on before it
had now increased so much that he
keeled over till there was great danger
of capsizing, to prevent which, Willie,
with the assistance of his two sisters,
set out reefing the sail.

This was soon accomplished, and
again the boat was steered as close as
she would go; which, at the best, was
little better than eight points, so that
with her great leeway, Willie soon
found that, in spite of his utmost skill,
his craft was drifting out to sea.

Nearer and nearer rolled on the em-
battled legions of dense black storm-
clouds; more vivid gleamed the red
lightnings flash; wilder the shrieking
gale swept by, howling and screaming
dread notes of terror to the young
voyagers. The water, which to the
land was quite smooth, began to heave
up the dam-crested waves here and
there all around them, curling over
and breaking all feather white in long
prodigious hissing spray. Great round
drops of rain came pattering down in
the water and pelting on the thwart
and gunwales of the boat with a sharp,
clicking noise, that smote startlingly
dismal on the ears of the three little
ocean wanderers, for who would be out
in such a storm as this?

Young as he was, Willie retained in
his mind much of what he had heard
his father relate at various times in
regard to the management of a ship at
sea, in a gale; and the knowledge he
thus gained in theory, now stood
in good stead. He had heard of keep-
ing a ship before the wind in a squall,
and of scudding in a gale—the dull
sailing clumsy boat was his ship. The
theory which he had learned he pro-
ceeded to put in practice; and when
the first mad gust of the pelting storm
fell upon the launch, she was going
dead before the wind—otherwise the
sail would have been snapped in an
instant. As it was, she was clashing
on through the wild storm and scream-
ing surges, scudding away right out
into the mighty wilderness of waters.

Ten, fifteen minutes went by, and
still the war of the elements continued
in their terrible fury, and still the brave
little fellow stood at the helm bare-
headed, his cap blown away, his clothes

dripping with water, and steady to his
purpose, steered his bark on the way,
before the fierce howling blast.

Once, only once, he faltered, and
that was when the launch quivered a
moment on the crest of a mighty surge
and the unwieldy boat went reeling
and plunging, standing almost on end,
down into the hissing vortex of the
liquid ravine. Then a single quick cry
of horror escaped the boy's lips; but
the next moment Jenny crept up to his
side and laid her hand upon his shoul-
der and spoke in a low, soothing tone,
which almost instantly calmed back his
confidence, and elicited from his lips a
cry of admiration for his sister's hero-
ism.

"Don't be frightened, Willie," said
the little angel. "Mother says that
God watches over the people that live
on the seas. And don't you remember,
brother, how often our dear mother
has told us that Jesus loves little chil-
dren? If God watches us and Jesus
loves us we shall be safe. So don't be
afraid."

Night—dark, wild and gloomy night
came on the world of waters; and still
the terrible tornado raged in all its fury
of wild lightning, rain and thunder;
and there, in their frail, open boat, we
will leave the hapless young voyagers
speeding on and away, right out into
the very heart of the Atlantic Ocean.

We bid them adieu and glance back to
their home—to their fond mother ren-
dered desolate in heart, by the dread
calamity that had fallen upon her in the
loss of her children.

At the moment when the children
first embarked, Mrs. Walton had
glanced out towards the cove, and for
a few moments watched them sail-
ing on the quiet waters of the bay;
and then some visitors called and she
forgot her children until just as the
storm came down, when a neighbor
rushed in with the heart-rending intel-
ligence that the launch had been seen
only a few minutes previously several
miles out at sea.

The first terrible shock almost killed
her, but soon rallying her woman's
energy and mother's love, she rushed
from the house, regardless of the fur-
ious and unquenching storm, aroused her
neighbors, and besought them with all
the eloquence called up by the anguish
of her river heart, to preserve her lost
darlings from a watery grave.

There was no vessel at Rockaway or
Faulkner's Island, and to venture out
to sea in such a storm with such small
crafts as were along the shore, were
worse than madness, and immediate
dispatches were sent to New York, not
only to the owners of the ship com-
manded by Captain Walton, but to the
Pilots, and within an hour after the
news had reached the city, two of the
staunchest Pilot boats, manned by
extra picked crews of gallant souls
were under weigh and speeding on their
swift winged course in search of the
ocean lost children.

Mrs. Walton herself hastened to the
city to urge, with her presence and in-
fluence, more prompt action; but the
vessels had been gone an hour when
she arrived, and so she repaired to the
house of Mr. Alvin, the owner of the
ship her husband commanded, to await
the return of those who had so nobly
gone forth in that mad storm in search
of her three darlings.

Leaving her there in a state of fe-
vered anxiety, hoping in the very teeth
of despair, we too will go forth into the
wild yelling gale, to look upon a most
sublime and yet awful ocean picture.

It was an hour past midnight, dark
as the deepest gloomiest cells in the
inquisitorial dungeon, save when the
red winged lightning's vivid flash, lit
up the Cimmarian, blackness with a
glare rivaling in brightness that of the
noon day sun.

Some ninety miles to the eastward
of Sandy Hook, lay home to, a noble
ship inward bound, in one of the most
terrible gales that ever swept along the
northern coast of America. The gale
had set in just an hour before sundown
and ever since dark, the ship had been
hoove to under the shortest possible
canvas, heading up south west, with
the gale coming in violent squalls out
of the north-west.

"Do you think there is any danger
to our ship, captain?" inquired one of
the three passengers who stood near
the commander of the ship; partly
sheltered from the storm by the pro-
tecting roof of the round house.

"Not the least, Mr. Kinsley. You
are as safe as you would be at your
own house in New York. She is a
brave new ship, and I had no opportu-
nity of trying her hove to before; but
I am perfectly satisfied with her be-
havior. In fact, I never saw any craft
conduct herself quite as well in a hurri-
cane like this."

"Tis a terrible night, however, and
God help those who may chance to be
out in a smaller craft than ours! For
the last hour I have been thinking of
my wife and children. My wife will
not sleep a wink to-night. She can
never sleep in a storm like this when
I am not at home. I was cast away
once on the Long Island Shore, and
not half mile from home, in just such
a gale, only it was from the south-
west. I would give a hundred dol-
lars to be at home, only for my wife's
sake. But we must—my God, what
is that?"

A continuous flash of lightning lit
up the surrounding space, and, as the
darkness shut again, a faint but clear
and distinct—"Ship ahoy!" uttered
by a female or child, came down on
the blast from directly to the wind-
ward.

A moment after, the hail was repeat-

ed and another flash of lightning re-
vealed a boat driving square down be-
fore the gale, and almost under the ship's
quarter. Ere one could count five, a
shrill quivering cry came up from the
boat as it shot past the ship not three
fathoms clear of the rudder.

"Merciful heaven! There are three
children in that boat!" yelled Mr.
Kinsley, who with the captain, was
peering over the taffrail as the boat
blew past.

"Hard up with your helm my man,"
said the captain in a voice as calm as a
man's voice could be, and then call-
ing to the chief and third mates, who
were both on deck, he informed them
of the fact that a small open boat,
with three children in it, had just gone
past, and then gave his orders.

"Mr. Casey, please get on the flying
jib boom, and keep a look out for the
boat, and mind Mr. Casey, if we come
up with it you can lay the ship so a
bring the boat close aboard on the
starboard side—larboard, remember Mr.
Casey. Don't for your life make a mis-
take. Go forward now sir, and if we
save these children, five hundred
dollars shall be your reward."

Then turning to the chief mate, he
continued:

"Mr. Windsor, you will brace the
yards all square, which without making
any more sail, will send the ship
through the water somewhat faster
than our present unbearable slow rate
of speed. Having done this, rig
single whips to each of your lower yards
—on the larboard side. Place the
blocks far enough out from the falls to
drop about a fathom clear of the ship,
and reeve on good snug gear; bring
both ends on deck and the other lead
along for a foil, station three good fel-
lows at each. In the meantime, I will
get the ship steady before the wind,
and Frank, my man, you keep her so.
Don't let her yaw an inch. Steer her
as if your very soul depended on it,
and within half an hour after the ship
reaches New York City you shall have
a hundred dollars."

"And now, Mr. Kinsley, you will
please call upon the second mate, and all
the gentlemen passengers. I want them
to stand by the whips in order to as-
sist the sailors if necessary. We must
save those children, and do it too
without coming in contact with the
boat, so that would be instant destruc-
tion to it and them in such a high sea."

"All ready, the whips, sir!" came
from the mate, and at that moment,
the third mate's voice, rang out from
the jib boom end; "boat right ahead;
steadily as you go."

"Now then, my lads, who'll go into
the bowlines with me, and stand by
to pick up the children?" anxiously en-
quired the captain.

"I, sir, I, I," came from a dozen
ready sailors in a moment.

"Thank you, my lads; but I only
want five. I will go in one myself."

The selections were soon made, and
there they stood in the fore mizzen
chains—the commander and five noble
fellows—with the bowlines under their
arms, ready to risk their lives to save
the children.

"Steady! Stand by now! Here
they come! Look out!" screamed the
officer from the jib boom; and a mo-
ment later the dim outlines of a boat
loomed up from the lee ast head. An
other moment of breathless suspense,
and the boat was abreast the forechains.

"Stand by the forward whips! Look
out there in the main chains! Veer
away men! Now, Harry, now!" and
down went the captain and his com-
panions into the boat.

A breath later, and a shout came
ringing up, "Look out for the main
and mizzen chains! Sway away, on
deck! and up by the run came the two
men, each grasping a child in his arms.
"Ay, ay, sir, all right!" answered a
brave fellow scrambling in on deck,
with little Jenny grasped tightly by
her clothes.

"Father!" exclaimed the little girl,
clapping the captain by the neck. "Fa-
ther! Father!" echoed back two treble
voices.

"Almighty God, I thank thee—
saved—saved," and Captain Lester
Walton sank fainting on the deck. He
knew the children were his own from
the moment they passed the ship's
stern, and his indomitable self-control
had borne him up until they were re-
scued; when the reaction came and he
sank down insensible.

One hour before sunset the following
day the ship was at her berth in New
York, and the meeting between the
distracted mother and her children
there, in her husband's ship, is too sa-
cred a picture to be profaned by a mere
pen and ink copy.

A CHILD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
COMET.—A little boy of this city was
walking with his mother the other eve-
ning, while the comet was blazing
forth in all its splendor, when the mo-
ther said, "Will